

*The Historie of*

for sweet Iacke Falstaffe, kind Iacke Falstaffe, true Iacke Falstaffe, valiant Iacke Falstaffe, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is old Iacke Falstaffe, banish not him thy Harries company, banish not him thy Harries company; banish plumpe Iacke, and banish all the world.

*Prin.* I doe, I will.

*Enter Bardoll running.*

*Bar.* O, my Lord, my Lord, the Shrieve, with a most monstrous Watch is at the dore.

*Fal.* Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to say in the behalfe of that Falstaffe.

*Enter the Hostesse.*

*Hos.* O Iesu, my Lord, my Lord!

*Fal.* Heigh, heigh, the Diuell rides vpon a Fiddle-sticke, what's the matter?

*Hos.* The Sherife and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

*Fal.* Doeſt thou heare Hal? neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit, thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

*Prin.* And thou a naturall Coward, without instinct.

*Fal.* I deny your Maior; if you will deny the Sherife, so, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a Halter as an other.

*Prin.* Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke vp a boue. Now my Maisters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

*Fal.* Both which I haue had; but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

*Prin.* Call in the Sherife.

*Enter Sherife and the Carrier.*

*Prin.* Now Maister Sherife, what is your will with me?

*Sher.* First, pardon me, my Lord. A hue & cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

*Prin.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a grosse fatte man.

*Car.* As fatte as Butter.

*Prin.* The man, I doe assure you is not heere, For I my selfe at this time haue employed him:

And

*Henry the fo*

And Sheriffe I will ingage my word That I will by to morrow dinner Send him to answere thee or any For any thing he shall be charg'd And so let me intreat you leaue th

*Sher.* I will my Lord, there are Haue in this robbery lost 300. m

*Prin.* It may be so, if he haue n He shall be answerable: and so fa

*Sher.* Good night my noble L

*Prin.* I thinke it is good morn

*Sher.* Indeed my Lord, I thin

*Prin.* This oyle rascall is kno him forth.

*Peto.* Falstaffe? fast a sleepe b like a horse.

*Prin.* Hark, how hard he fete He searcheth his Pockets, and f

*Prin.* What hast thou found

*Peto.* Nothing but Papers my

*Prin.* Lets see what be they:

Item a Capon

Item sawce

Item, Sacke, two gallons.

Item Anchoues and Sacke after

Item bread.

O monstrous but one halfe p lerable deale of Sacke? what ther it at more aduantage: there let h in the morning, We must all to t honorable. Ile procure this fat know his death will be a match be paide backe againe with adu the morning, and so good morn

*Peto.* Good morrow, good n

*Enter Hotspur, Worcest*

*Owen Glen*

*Mer* These promises are fai